Tammany's Twin Startles Town

WEATHER
What you don't expect

Supmac Yrubelddim

EXTRA!

Vol. XXIX. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, MIDDLEBURY, VT., APRIL 6, 1932 No. 22

DANCING ORGY DISCOVERED

SHADY CHARACTERS ROOT OF DIRTY GOINGS ON

Whoaback, Reported Henchman of Capone, Chief of Tammanyans

The quiet little town of Middlebury was rocked to its foundations today by the startling expose of the hold which underworld officials had upon the municipal machinery. From Mayor Smoddy through Judge Cornhall, from Health officer Bang through Dog catcher Strongwell, reporters of the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM discovered corruption which puts the notorious Boss Tweed to shame.

The center of the growing ring of graft and sabotage has been definitely fixed. West of Middlebury, within a stones throw of the luxusious Repburn Apartments, but separated from the polite residential section by dreary sun baked flats and stretches of sand, there is a small community of desparate men, fugitives from justice, sailors from the seven seas, and even international criminals. But until two years ago, this little group caused no trouble. Then from Chicago came Whoaback, sinister, dark, brilliant genius, rumored to be a henchman of Capone, but really the brains of the entire criminal world east of the Mississippi.

He came to fertile ground, for here were Sliderule Bowker, notorious sine law violator, and that ultra violet agitator Waller, whose violation of the Mass law nearly resulted in his deportation. Here also was Shales, clever shyster lawyer, whose frequent appearances in courts had given him familiarity with legal life. Contact with higher officials was made through

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The above is an actual photograph of the dancing orgy, taken by SUPMAC reporter

HAMLIN HALL IS EXPOSED AS A VICE DEN

With the true daring of the press, an intrepid reporter invaded the inner sanctum of Hamlin hall last week in the effort to track down the truth behind numerous fantastic rumors about what really goes on behind yon oaken portals. Because so many fair young girls had been last seen crossing that threshold, where they disappeared forever from mortal eye, stark mystery shrouded the goings-on of Hamlin hall.

Notebook in hand, nervously chewing the wrong end of a fountain pen, we tapped at the door. After a wait of perhaps half an hour, the door swung inward violently and we stood facing an apparition in the form of a squat broad figure which we later decided was a woman. A bulky white tunic

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PRENTICE IS PERSISTENT

Surly schoolboys suffered strange surprises when Sir Jake Stewed Prentice and seven selected stocks spilled and dropped suddenly in Seminary street.

Surely somewhat stunned, suspicuously the pedagogue stood. Surveying somewhat the situation the Scottish Sir Jake submitted to suggestions sent specially from Fairchild, Furness, and Buck and speedily summed the situation skyward (up).

Practical problems presently penetrating, Prentice patiently picked papers from the pavement, piled plenty and paced onward.

Eventually entering economics class, he easily entered upon edifying entertaining ethical interpretations of the entire economic edifice of the earth.

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SWETT IS BURNED AT STAKE BY STUDENTS

CONVERSION BRINGS INDIAN CHIEF POWER

Heap big war chief—I-make-a-big-Rackett—recently made the most sensational coup-d'etat of his career when following the example of Bony Part the first he formed his camp and had himself crowned emperor in the name of the people of the United States, the republican party and the Congregational Church—also those upholding the Ten Commandments and the Established order. I-make-a-big-Rackett was converted by the missionary Decline to the nazal twang of "it's the old time religion".

Heap big chief is at the height of his power at the present time but it is feared by those who know that on the exile of the missionary he will be forced to abdicate. Whether it will be permanently or not will depend on his diplomatic powers which are becoming somewhat frayed around the edges—also on the strength of his opponents who are rumored to have installed a new, modern, fully equipped torture chamber in their chief's palace whose name has been withheld for political reasons. It is also rumored that Pocahontas is on the warpath due to her chief's neglect and his secretary has been quietly put away for domestic reasons.

I-make-a-big-Rackett is well known in these parts for his prowess in lesser hunting fields all of which have been the stepping stones to his crowning achievement and those initiated into the secrets of his power give him due credit for his organization and utter sincerity in his undertaking. Of course every great leader has enemies but it is only by banding together that they can secure his downfall. Heap big chief relies on his popularity with the ladies to save him from an ignominious fate.

ENTERTAINMENT WHOPPERS PLANNED BY NEWER, BIGGER AND BETTER COMMISSION

Full Program of Thrillers Includes Winchell, Ghandi and Marx Brothers

The Middlebury College Commission for Bigger and Better Entertainment Courses, after an all night session in Hepburn Commons, announced complete plans for next year's courses. As Professor Llewis J. Halfaway, Potentate Extraordinary of the commission, pointed out, these are the engagements for the year beginning in September, 1932, and ending in June, 1933.

While it is always the aim of the organization to secure those leaders in the field of art, music and letters who will brighten the student's shut-in hours, the current depression necessarily limits the choice of the authorities considerably. Which is the press way of saying that things might be a helluva lot better, if we could afford it.

Aimee Semple McPherson, evangelist of some note, will open the season at the Congregational church, October 13. She has prepared, by actual investigation, an address on "Middlebury Student Life in the Next World," or, "What the Hell?" As a special feature of her program, Miss McPherson will be accompanied by her usual retinue of armed guards and press photographers.

In response to popular demand, Rudy Vallee continues the course with an extemporaneous speech entitled, "Taking College and Broadway by the Nose." Though he offered to bring along his seven or nine Connecticut Yankees (all born in Hoboken) the offer was declined for vague reasons. This talk will be delivered in his own nasal way in Pearson's social hall, November 13. Eleven thirty permission will not be granted.

Mahatma Ghandi had been contracted for the December performance, but

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Rural Simplicity Theme of Senior Week

The latest achievements of the 1932 Senior week headed by Algernon Kwirk Sloper and Merry Anne Jones, who are aided by ten sub-committees consisting of the entire class, have recently been revealed in confidence to this paper.

This year an entirely original feature is to replace the heretofore popular cane rush which has been prohibited by all the powers-that-be. The stunt is a skunk calling contest which will be held on the porch of Battell Cottage. Participants are urgently requested to bring gas masks and as many on-lookers who fear to do otherwise may also bring them. If this little feat is successful it is believed that it will become a tradition of the college.

All orders for the caps and gowns have been canceled on account of the depression. In place of these the men will wear overalls and the women will don aprons which will serve to carry out further the rustic note of the entire week. Moreover men are requested to wear beards and smoke pipes and the women must all have bobbed hair. Official notice of this will soon be made in chapel in order to give the male section sufficient opportunity to completely sprout beards by June.

The speaker for graduation is to be Melancholy Moody, alias Bright-Eyed Bill, alias Crack-Shot Crane, whose topic is "Kidnapping a Vocation."

"Our aim," says Master Sloper, "is to make this the biggest, best and the most original of all commencements in the history of the college. It is towards this end that we have made these plans."

The committee for the senior ball has secured a novel orchestra, Izzy Dore and his Naturalists, for the big dance of

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Weather Maker Pays Penalty of Actions

Dr. Nash 400 Swett, chief meteorologist of Middlebury College, was burned at the stake at high noon today by an infuriated group of students, angered at the late unseasonableness of the weather.

The event took place in front of Old Chapel, about half way between that edifice and the tall spruce tree that is used so much the nights of informals. Dr. Swett was chained to a javelin which was contributed by Coach Brown and stuck in the middle of the pile of wood. So great was Dr. Swett's controls of the elements that the sun was blotted out and the campus covered with gloom for an hour after the deed. The weather sachem was lured to the place of his destruction by a ruse, it having been told him by student representatives of the agitators that his admirers wished him to speak on the exports of Uruaguay, at noon today, and had erected a monstrous platform for him to speak from. So busy was the great man in reviewing his notes as he ascended the pile of wood that he did not notice the barrels of gasoline piled around its base, or the cigarette lighter in the pocket of Ed Lockwood. When Dr. Swett reached the top of the pile, he was speedily chained, and the fire started. He was completely consumed in fourteen minutes. Thereafter the fire was used for the mountain club hot dog roast.

History of the Case

Unrest had been growing in the college ever since students returned from the warm climes of their spring vacation haunts to find Middlebury under a foot of snow. As the next two days brought nothing but rain, the dissatisfaction with the work of the local department of climates grew, and all over the campus sandwich men appeared displaying signs abusive of Dr. Swett and his cohorts, Rackett '33 and Evelyn Benjamin '32. Thomas Duffield '33, delivered a noble oration from Old

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Middlebury Campus

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FUNNY ISSUE.

Once again bright colored paper and a bizarre selection of type announces the annual funny issue of the CAMPUS. We believe that a CAMPUS dedicated to humor once each year has now become an institution in Middlebury and that its appearance is anticipated with interest by the student body.

At this time we wish to state that no insults are intended for anyone. The publication of this issue is undertaken in a spirit of fun and we trust that everyone will accept it in that spirit. However, if unintentionally we have offended anyone we are sorry and take this opportunity to apologize and make reassurance that no harm was meant.

TRUE COURAGE OF THE PRESS

Who exposede Womack, who "got the goods" on Sholes, the clever shyster lawyer, who uncovered the mountain hideout of Two Gun Hazeltine? Was it one of the "respectable" journals? Did A. G. L. Racket lend the columns of his influential "Rampus" to protect the citizens of this, our city? Did Ruck, self proclaimed liberal and "fighter" use the "Mashnotian" for some other purpose than to enable he and his friends of the dilettante to display their cleverness? What has the Bulletin, which prides itself on printing all the news that fit to print, whose editor W. Morse Leep so recently denounced the "Yellow journals, such as the SUPMAC YRUDELDDIM, wreckers of homes, catering to the lowest passions of their leaders —" and so forth, done? What have they done?

The answer is, not a thing. The news was "not fit to print", the fact criminals control citizenry "caters to the lowest passions of the public" have silenced the self-proclaimed defenders of "the sanctity of the home". The news wasn't fit to print, and so, the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM printed it. And why? For circulation, merely to make more dividends for bloated stockholders, for advertising, just to increase some great private fortune? Did we do it for any one of these reasons? Of course not.

It took a reporter from the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM to uncover the insidious web of graft and corruption which has been spreading for over two years. It took a staff photographer from the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM to obtain the daring photographs on page seven. It took an editor with courage to dare to make public all of the details of the underworld control which has been growing steadily for at least three years, and which has at last been brought to a climax by the dastardly acts of the past few days. We have done our part, now, citizens of Middlebury, IT IS UP TO YOU!

THE WORLD CHANGES A LA POET

The world is so different from what we've been told:
The proverbial school marm forgets to be old,
She primps and she fusses, she powders and paints,
She abhors the idea of being thot of as quaint.
The kid who drags down the marvelous marks
Contrary to custom enjoys a good lark,
He's chucked Noah Webster for Arthur Murray,
He dances divinely; his line is O. K.
The college professor, with books and umbrella
Is less like a master and more like the fellas,
He's stunning; he's handsome; he's peppy and gay;
He's a bear with the girls, and at dances, oh say!
As a chaperoning professor, he doesn't behave
He rushes the girls, and makes the boys rave.
The preacher no longer on pleasures does frown
He mixes with all as a man about town.
The ancient bards with long flowing hair
Wrote stately verse with pains-making care
But we, modern students are bored with their verse
And if it be poss'ble, we've prob'ly done worse
Our young generation is not like the last
Our parents deplore it, and bring up the past
But what do we care? Dame Grundy is dead,
We're happy this way, no matter what's said.

Shreds and Patches

Well first thing this week, boys (and girls) is the weather. Spring, then winter and those heavy snows, those glorious sunsets from Pearsons, or have you seen them from Chipmunk?

Did you hear about the freshman who glibly accepted a date for the Phi Eta Pie formal on Aprul Fools Day?

Back to the climatic conditions, don't you think it looks like more snow? or shall we say sprig for the sake of those with a fever?

Oh yes, we must tell you, we saw - - - oh, but you're just too young.

These many couples strolling hand in hand lead us to ask, "Is it love, or is it — well what is it?"

Before we part we must not forget our time worn comment on the whether. You'd be lost without it we know — but really my deah, don't you think it's grand? Nothing like varietous daze.

Dorothy Dick's Advice

Dear Miss Dicks,

I am in very great trouble and don't know what to do about it. My husband and my mother do not seem to get along together very well. I love them both dearly, and cannot understand this. (I mean I cannot understand why they don't get along together) Hubby and I have been married for just six months, and we live with Mother. Already she is complaining because he burns holes in her rugs with cigarette ashes, — and he certainly wasn't responsible because she tripped over a pair of shoes he had left at the top of the stairs. He didn't mean to break her leg. She is quite unreasonable about the whole affair, especially since he took them off so he wouldn't disturb her when he came home from a little party. He says that she hasn't any kick coming, because she has been using his mustache wax to polish the dining-room table with. He wasn't very angrey when she refused to buy us a new car, either. We didn't ask for a Rolls Royce, but we did admire the new Cadillacs. Aren't they stunning? I think they're lovely upholstered in snake skin. All my friends have them. (She didn't keep it very long, though.)

Yon can't realize what a constant strain I'm under. Mother is very old-fashioned, and has insisted that my husband get a job. He is afraid his friends will disappear if he ceases to act as a fourth at bridge. What can I do? Life for me is just a mad scramble. It is a hectic rush that is wearing me down. Please, my dear Miss Dicks, advise me.

Despondantly,
Peggy.

Dear Peggy,

Courage, my dear, courage. You are passing through a stage which every married couple has endured for years. That is, married couples have endured it for years. Well, what I mean is, it may not last very long.

Now, let us completely analyze your case. It is really not different from many others. You say you love both husband and mother, and cannot understand why they do not love one another. Perhaps, my dear, it is not always true that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, so we will eliminate all consideration of this point. Considering his cigarette ashes and holes in the rugs — my dear, have you ever stopped to realize that perhaps mother prefers Old Golds to Luckies? At any rate, she evidently prefers another brand. You see, another bubble has gone up in smoke.

My dear, I do not wish to discourage you so, early in the game, but it is your fault that your mother broke her leg. You are evidently a trifle naive, for every young married woman should know that hubby deserves freedom, and a shelf at the foot of the stairs on which to place his shoes when the need arises. It is only the natural desire of the male, and we women, my dear, must put up with it.

You say you considered a Cadillac upholstered in snakeskin. Why not moderate your taste and plead for a Ford? After all, my dear, they get one there and back, usually. Every one must put up with these petty inconveniences for the sake of the common good.

In considering the mustache wax, my dear, the next question is of vital importance to your happiness. Does your husband have a mustache? Of course not. Ah — we have solved the problem. Your husband shaved it off when he was married, and has been hoarding the wax just in case. Thus, there is no reason why mother should not employ it for a good purpose.

You see, my dear, your troubles have entirely vanished. Your troubles were not troubles, but petty grievances. I trust you will live in harmony with your loved ones from now on. Remember, my dear, we women must always sooth the ego of the male.

Hopefully,
Dorothy Dicks.

MOODY PROCLAIMS A COLLEGE JOLIDAY

Students to Dust Brains on Appointed Day, April 31, Two Years Ago

On Fish-day last, President Moody gave an addict to Middlebury students, pups, and otherwise ensembled before him in the Chaplet. Such a riot of protest was raised (and lowered at sunset) at his declamation that it was thought necessary to call in the whole Middlebury polease to quell the protuberance.

In short (hand) these were his dynamitious words: "Students, Bluffers, and Others, in response to a petition sent to me by a professor, who is always anxious over his pupils' sanity, namely Professor Brown, I wish to proclaim April 31 a college-wide joliday."

During the speech, several frail athletes swooned and were carried out (the back way) on stretchers. The shock was too much for them (their room-mates had borrowed their shock absorbers, by way of explanation).

Professor Brown thought it sapientous to prevent further victims from reaching the Elysian fields or perhaps the Hot House (according to the type of flower that they were) by giving the reasons for his plan.

He said in whole: "Last of all, fellow suffers, it concerts the novell system of teaching adopted (by legal process) as this destitution at Middlebury; that is, by hypnotism. Since the capacity for gray matter is not as large in some people's craniums as in others, the heads of several industrious persons (show me one) are bulging to the breaking point.

"I propose (yes, I have a wife) to provide an outlet for their knowledge by setting aside one day (quite a job, I admit) when the ware-houses may be cleared out and made ready for more facts. At this time of spring cleaning, no one must be found who knows anything on penalty of forfeiting his-or-her-pet spit-curl."

Here, there was such a wringing of teeth and gnashing of hands that Prof. was forced to don his rubber boots (which he had folded in his pocket for emergencies) so that he would not be drowned in the tears of joy which were streaming down the physics of all present. For their heads were so heavy with stored up learning (not with sleeplessness, of course) that they had had to hire servants to hold them up (meaning the heads).

Consequently, April 31, two years ago will be a joliday at Middlebury.

Around Middlebury With a SUPMAC Reporter

Middlebury Cosmos Club caught cold at its sesqui-quarterly get-together Saturday supper time at the Weybridge avenue dining tavern. Several solo fits of shrieks by Bee Frank Wissler and BAA Hazeltine featured. Wanamaker Storrs Lee reported excellent accompaniment from the superlative soup sippers.

Snow was reported visiting at the Bowker home last week.

Those staying at the Opera House the past week include: Lehigh Valley Delaware and Hudson Hammond, Eggs, of Boston; E. B. Cornwall, of Dearmeadow; and Paul Rusby of Old Chapel. We hope they enjoyed their stay in town.

Herr E. Skillings reports that he got stuck in the mud on the Cornwall Road and had to be towed in with a horse.

"Doc" Cook reports finding a two-headed cow which absolutely refused to like poetry. It went to sleep when he read it Byron, but when Thoreau was mentioned, she went right after him. The great discovery has been placed in the Abernethy wing through the generosity of the breeder, Miss Mary Easily McDonald.

A SKIT

Time: Any night.
Place: 99 South Main Street.

A sonorous cough in the hall announcing the arrival of some swain.

Everybody upstairs: "Gang way."

General rush to the bannister. General disappointment.

She: (tripping downstairs with pillows) "We'll have to sit on the hall table."

Loud laughs from above and titters from the sofa.

He: "O. K. by me."

Various settlings and creakings, then general silence.

A door opening into the dining room letting the odor of decayed rat prevade the atmosphere.

He and She: "I'll close it."

General untwining.

Settlings again — then loud blurps from the telephone. A girl wearing beautiful red and purple striped pajamas dashing through.

A long harangue.

She (above the din) "Shall we go up to the Inn and sit?"

He: "Naw, I'm too tired."

Peace restored, then long silence.

A sudden suspicious noise from front room upstairs.

General embarrassment.

She: "Do you know what I got on my C. C. quiz?"

He: "I guess so."

Noise subsiding.

Front door opening to let in three couples returning from the movies.

General chaos.

He: "Hurry up and get your coat — we still have fifteen minutes for the Inn."

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of all students in favor of the Bible exam and compulsory chapel services in the Pearsons Hall telephone booth. If this spot should already be occupied by lovebirds, the meeting will be held under the usual table at Joe Calvi's. Only those who are in favor of these two moves will be allowed attendance. Faculty members are prohibited.

NOTICE

All women belonging to the no-men association are hereby barred from attending dances. Until this organization disbands, the men will go on strike and refuse to accept leap year dates.

NOTICE

There was an official notice that should have appered here but we have forgotten what it was.

COMMUNICATION

To the editor of the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM:

I met a guy this morning who said that this paper has elected another fellow to be its editor, and so I just reckoned that I'd drop him (that's you) a line about some of the things he'd cught to do.

No all this high sounding stuff that the last guy wrote about scholarship and college values, etc., is the bunk. What we need is some good talking it up about the beer situation — it's the damndest rottenest stuff you get around here, and it costs too much anyway. Then there's this mess about the show. It's ten minutes anyway we spend every night looking at canned salmon adds and body by Fisher, and us waiting to see the show. Now, I ask you, is that right? We pay our good money, and you fellows ought to do something about it. How about a little buzz on this? And take this matter of burleycues. Now every decent dive I ever was in had at least one good burleyque, except this dump. With all the good sporty fellows there are in the college, a show like that would go big guns here. By god, I stand for good clean burlesque for the great American public.

Another thing you ought to raise hell about is all the rules they have on the dills. Now, I ask you, aren't mature well educated college men like us gents enough to know when to get a woman in? You are damn right we are. And we ought to be left to do that, I think, and there is a lot of other fellows thinking the same.

I just thought I'd give you a buzz on this so you wouldn't waste all your time gassing about that high falluting rubbish that don't amount to a row of tin cans, and leave out these real vital problems.

Signed,
"NERTS"

Harry Owen Found In Pink Panties

MUSICAL DIRECTOR IS PLACED IN EMBARASSING POSITION BY GIFT FROM OWN BAND OF MINSTRELS

That insidious instigator of gasseous gossip, Dame Rumor, has been linking the hitherto impeccable name of Prof. H. Goddard Owen with an article of clothing generally known as "unmentionable", which we will here mention as "undies", or panties (pink). The Middlebury student body has been hearing and re-telling many versions of the tale that links forevermore the name of Owen with the "unmentionables", but has not felt real satisfaction regarding the authenticity of the versions. So the Middlebury campus has turned to the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM to learn just what is why. And the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM returns by turning over the "dirt". Voila:

Professor Owen, it is very commonly known, is given to consorting with an ill-assorted band of vagrant minstrels who are termed the college Glee Club, and even goes so far as to permit his name to be associated with the organization as its Director. It was while en route to some far-off hamlet called New York Town, in the company of these itinerant songsters that Mistah Harry's spotless name came to be linked with Scandal. Perhaps we can help those of you who have powerful and potent imaginations to use them correctly by setting before you the Truth. We shall tell all. (In the manner of True Story).

One day, while on the Great Pilgrimage to New York Town (you have no doubt heard tales of the Pilgrimage), the merry songsters were stricken with an overpowering desire to demonstrate their deep affection for their beloved leader, and they decided, while in confab met, that they could best do so by offering to H. Goddard some gift of lasting sentimental and intrinsic value. Packards, cook-books, hand-organs, artichoke seeds, Cadillacs, stuffed-figs ,and a moustache cup were duly considered and rejected before a semi-unanimous agreement was reached on a pig-iron crowbar. This was to be daintily decorate with red ribbons, and all were without doubt that it would make a striking souvenir. The gift was immediately ordered from Sears-Roebuck, and was delivered within the hour. The package seemed rather light to the more alert minds present, but the lightness was attributed to the fact that the store had probably sent the 58 volumes of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, abridged into a copy of the November Ballyhoo.

And then the box was opened,
And set before H. G. . . .

And Lo! The unmentionables were in the package. It was all a great mistake . . . some hoax gigantic, perhaps. But Mr. Owen merely smiled, and blushingly thanked his dear public. All seemed well. And then . . . Tragedy-grim, stark, harrowing, tragedy, appeared. The ill-fated director was found soon after in a group of the revered personages of importance of North Bennington, stuttering explanations and apologies. The pink Things had fallen from his pocket before them . . . .

KINGSLEY TO DIRECT NEW LOVE-MAKING COURSE

Competition to Determine Members of Senior Class to Assist

Professor J. Sharpe Kingsley, head of the department of co-education, has announced the opening next fall of a new course in contemporary love-making. He will be assisted by various members of the present senior class to be decided later.

The manner of presenting this subject is to be modeled after that of Professor Kingsley's now famous department of C. C. (cranium cramming). Professor Kingsley has already organized his material and has written a number of lectures for use by him and his assistants. He is an enthusiastic supporter of co-education, and he says he believes his course will result in many happy marriages between Middlebury graduates.

The response of the student body since the course was announced last Saturday clearly indicates Professor Kingsley's popularity as a teacher and proves that Middlebury men and women are confident of the benefit his new classes will offer. More than two hundred students have already signed up for it. Several members of the faculty, including Professor Benjamin Abraham Hazeltine and Mr. van Loon Hammond have also announced their intention of enrolling.

Blue Poloists Resting After Second Chucker of First Scrimmage of Season at Board Track Field

RUSBY TELLS ABOUT RADIO

Professor Squall Rusby, a member of the faculty of this institution, recently made a howling success of his vocational guidance lecture on the future of the radio.

After hinting darkly that the radio had a past, Professor Rusby evidently thought it best to let bygones be bygones, and prophesied the increase in the number of giving and receiving sets with astounding mathematical agility, at the same time computing compound interest over a period of years.

Professor Rusby then left the statistical side of the question and proceeded to the field of bedtime story broadcasting, which is especially popular with the younger set. He pointed out the deep responsibility which the biographer of Reddy Fox has, in influencing the morals of his youthful audience. "I consider it positively criminal," roared Rusby, "when your youngest infant toddles up at bedtime, begging to have "neat wheaties" or "crispy crackles" served for breakfast. Such a happening is on a par with single tax or woman suffrage."

This was the last of the vocational talks, to prepare the students to meet the world on a footing of equality. It is felt that everyone has been influenced for the better by the uplifting tone of these talks. After a lecture on the chopping down of the cherry tree and Washington's subsequent presidency, several listeners immediately hacked down a row of shrubbery with pocket knives, to attain this position at once, and an inspired group was heard to chant, with excellent harmony, twenty-six verses of "When I'm the Presi-dent."

POLO TEAM SNAPPED DURING INITIAL SCRIMMAGE

Daring Horsemen Preparing for Difficult Season in Quest of Title

Resolved to at all times get the better of their rivals, Middlebury has at last entered the equestrian sports with their newly organized polo team. After receiving slanderous insults from Norwich and Army as to the mediocrity of our ping pong teams, the brave blue and white athletes decided to enter the dangerous field of dodging the flying hoofs.

The accompanying picture shows the varsity squad as they rested from their first practice sessions. Notice how the tongues of the horses (?) hang out as they pant like weary dogs and how the conquering members of the team sit with bloated chests, unafraid of the stamping hoofs of their mounts. Could anything be more symbolic of the unflinching courage and nobility of the Middlebury students than to have members of this same student body risk their lives in riding the prancing mounts shown in the picture. Just try it yourself some time and see how much fun it is.

There is always an ambulance on hand at the polo field, located within the board track circle so the horses can not run away, in order to pick up any one thrown from their furious stallions. But nevertheless, polo has earned a reputation for itself at Middlebury, thanks to the brave men pictured here.

MIDDLEBURY BUILDS NEW GYM DESPITE PERIOD OF DEPRESSION

Contractor Harrington Shown Securing a Section of the Roof on the New Gymnasium

The depression has hit Middlebury, and how! But despite the lack of fund the college has decided to go ahead with its elaborate building plan and has started work on the new gymnasium. But the depression has hit the college so hard that there are necessarily limitations in the equipment and size of the new building. The accompanying picture shows the new gymnasium as it neared completion, with Contractor Harrington in the foreground, lending a personal touch to the fastening down of the roof.

As can be noticed from the surrounding scenery, the new gymnasium has an ideal location, the top of the mountain Campus. The exercise derived from reaching it makes the building of sufficient size to accomodate all activities. The ground dimensions, outside the logs, is fifteen feet by twenty feet, with an extra inch or two added on for a doorway in the middle, or perhaps we should say the front.

The gym will be equipped with all the latest conveniences, kerosene lamps in the four corners, with enough oil to burn until it gets dark (in order to help out the co-eds and their fond male admirers). Shower baths are provided in the rear of the gymnasium, just stand under the eaves when it is raining. If there is no rain, go without the shower. A modern tiddly-winks court will be installed, together with bridge and ping-pong.

This new gymnasium is the gift of George Farrell, well known as the man who does not know how to say yes. He is weary from his efforts of moving around the medicine room of the present gymnasium and has decided it would be better to have a gymnasium too small to accomodate such a room and at the same time so far from the center of activities that no one will have energy enough to go there, thus relieving him of all duties except that of sitting still. The appreciation of the college can never be fully expressed, especially as the entering freshmen each year will have less and less compulsory Phys Ed .

FLAMES DEMOLISH WEYBRIDGE HOUSE

Scantily Clad Females Move Belongings to Street

The notorious Weybridge House, situated just off the campus was ravaged by flames early Tuesday morning. The blaze was first noticed about two o'clock, and by that time had been in progress for several hours.

In the gray chill of the night scantly clad co-eds watched the hungry flames mount toward the sky. When the Middlebury water-squirter arrived upon the scene the fire was already well under way, and it was impossible to check its rapid advance.

The fire is thought to have originated from a spontaneous combustion on the sofa in the north parlor of the house. The conflagration remained unnoticed for several hours, and it was not until it had gained much headway that the girls occupying the room directly above smelled smoke, and looking over the banister saw the entire hall ablaze. Instantly they sounded the alarm and the co-eds swarmed out of the house by way of the fire escape, their eyes heavy with sleep, some struggling with their flimsy apparel, others distorted by paper curlers and facial applications. Many realizing the immediate danger, attempted to retrieve their choice possessions by dashing wildly to their rooms and emerging again with such articles as teddy bears, compacts, and photographs.

A tragic moment occurred when it was discovered that the illustrious Weybridge Baby, "Splinter", was still reposing in one of the rooms of the third floor. A heroic rescue was enacted by Appleton Woodward, who had but recently arrived upon the scene.

The firemen aided by a large number of college students, labored untiringly throughout the night, endeavoring to quell the flames but the chilling wind served only to resist their onslaught, and to freeze the water from the hoses. No valuables were salvaged and of the house, itself, little remains except a few smouldering timbers.

The college authorities plan to erect a new woman's dorm next year, in the site of the old Weybridge House. Meanwhile the former Weybridge inhabitants will be housed in tents, placed on the lower campus east of Old Chapel, for the remainder of the year.

SABRE DUEL HALTED AT FARRELL'S CLUB

Prudence Hope Fish Is Cause of Deadly Struggle Between Famous Musicians

Special to the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM

Middlebury was shocked yesterday when police raided Farrell's First Ward Athletic club and found a vicious sabre duel in progress. The combantants were Captain Gefritz von Tiller, late of the German imperial forces, and L. Van der Hideout Hammond, wealthy Yale graduate. Both men are prominent in musical circles and the object of the duel was the usual romantic one, a fair lady. This time, the swordsmen were contesting for the hand and favor of Prudent Hope Fish, basso of the Metropolitan Opera, who recently eloped with Hardly Wide-mouthed Hustler, a radio announcer.

When police entered over the dead body and smoking guns of Farrell, whose memorable battle with the champion of the Abyssinian Coast Guard, Spider Webb, is still talked about by sporting men all over East Middlebury, they discovered the duellers engaged in their deadly pastime to the strains of the Pilgrim's Chorus from Taunhausser. Von Tiller was giving seven co-eds fancy skating lessons, calling out the moves of twenty simulataneous chess games, and drinking beer. Hammond, much less versatile, was merely listening to the report of the Yale-Harvard football game, and helping von Tiller in his pedagogical work.

Both men were immediately placed under custody by officers, for their past records are bad. Von Tiller is charged with attempting to introduce German customs into the provincial and happy life of Middlebury. In addition to introducing the good old Heidelburg custom of fencing and beer drinking, he has, according to rumor, lead to the importation of Heidelburg beer caps and their wearing by one of the prominent social organizations of Materbury. Police delving into Hammond's past soon discovered suspicious actions. Under the guise of a "Wagner circle" he has been conducting, in a lonely place on the outskirts of Middlebury and at unseemly hours, orgies, the details of which will be made public in his life story which will begin in the next issue of the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM.

Julius Slingsley, noted evangelist now conducting revival meetings, commented at great length upon the occurance, stating that their were a couple of big points to it.

He stated however that if anyone cared to make an appointment with him for anytime within the next seventy years that he would just love to accomodate.

Invaluable Discovery of Klurposote Deposits Made

THEOPHILUS G. KLURP REWARDED AFTER YEARS OF STUDY BY THE REALIZATION OF HIS AMBITIONS TO BE KNOWN TO POSTERITY

Is there money in mud? Is there mud in Middlebury? Is there money in Middlebury? Who's your little whoosis?

These and several other questions pounding at his brain, Theophilus G. Klurp (of the Philadelphia Klurps, mind you) bent over seething test tubes in his Ripton laboratories all last week. At five minutes past dawn on Thursday, he straightened with a sigh of relief and laid down his forceps.

"It's a boy!" He beamed. Another triumph of science lay in his palm. Then he turned and gave us the story.

In his own fertile brain an idea was born years ago. Glue factories were in their heyday. Mucilage rates were exorbitant. The price of paste was too high. In short, as the professor so aptly put it, "Stickum wasn't worth it." The problem was for a cheap substitute, one that would do the work of adhesives at less cost. He mused on this for hours on end. (He later disclosed that this was his favorite posture for studying).

Then one spring afternoon he was strolling about the fair campus of Middlebury rather abstractly pondering on the questions of life and goo, when suddenly he stared at his foot, ankle-deep in a puddle. Hardly daring to breathe, he lifted the foot, gazing transfixed at what was dripping from the golosh. Mud, pure mud was his answer.

But that was merely the beginning. Only certain types of mud would answer his purpose, Klurp found. Probing to the bottom of the thing, he found that the sex of the original protozoa, or mud-bug, was what determined the utility of mud as a glue substitute. Only the male was useful, and only in Middlebury does the male mud-bug promulgate, and at that only when no one is watching. When all this was finally settled in Klurp's test tubes, he announced that the richest deposite of Klurposote, as the new find was christened, lies in a wide stratum across lower campus, extending down the path toward the village.

Contracts to remove specimens from our practically limitless supply have been signed and the college will increase the Vermont scholarships to eleven in 1945. All this from a mess of mud! Dollars in puddles !

BONE PROVES FATAL TO CAFE PROPRIETOR

Noted Inventor of Meat Pies Suffers Sudden Demise While Eating Her Dinner

Miss Mary Jane Bowles, manager of the Pantherville cafe, passed away very suddenly Sunday noon, while eating dinner. A bone unexpectedly found in a dish of creamed chicken lodged in her throat and caused her to choke. Dr. Stanley Sawbones Eddy, leading Pantherville bonecutter, was called to relieve her suffering; but his coming was useless, for she had already succumbed when he arrived.

Miss Bowles was a graduate of the Pantherville Housekeeping School and for several years had taught meat preparation, pie making, and needle threading at her alma mater ,in addition to managing the cafe. Her recipes for the cooking of meats, fish, and chicken have gained nation-wide fame.

Dr. H. Lester Newman officiated at the funeral, which was held yesterday at the Hepburn undertaking parlors. Miss Florence Douglas sang "In the Land where Cabbages Bloom." Eight servitors of the Pantherville cafe bore the remains of their employer to her last resting place in Painter cemetery.

B. HARD BECK TELLS HIS PERSONAL LIFE STORY, SAYING THAT A BECK NEVER FAILS

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B. Hard Beck, greatest athlete ever produced by the university of Western Nevada, recently added to his long list of athletic achievements by capturing the seven hundred thousand dollar prize in the recent marathon dance contest sponsored by the SUPMAC under the direction of Ernest C. (Pokerface) Bryan. The modest westerner used a mirror for a partner, stating in his own inimitably humorous fashion that there was no face he would rather watch for five months. The winner of this contest is known to his friends simply as Hardy, but has never been called by that name. His life story, written by himself will appear exclusively in the columns of the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM. The first installment follows.

When I was ten years old, and only weighed a hundred and seventy, my father called me into the room back of the bar and said, "Benjamin, you know, a Beck never fails." Well, he was right. I was a precocious child. At the age of twenty-one I started to read the Saturday evening post, but unfortunately lost the dictionary and was forced to enter the University of Western Nevada, where my talent was soon recognized. There's one thing about we Beck's, we never boast and we never wizecrack. While at dear old Nevada I broke every record in track by at least two seconds or four feet. I won no less than seventy three letters and over nine hundred dollars in pool games. I was of course, a splendid student, Phi Beta Kappa and editor of all of the publications put out by the school, including our annual. In my writeup there appeared the phrase which has since become famous. A Beck never fails. Or for that matter, the same thing could be said of a brick.

(Continued in next issue)

Chesterfield Radio Program

MON. & THUR.	TUES. & FRI.	WED. & SAT.
BOSWELL SISTERS	ALEX GRAY	RUTH ETTING
10:30 p.m. E.S.T.	10:30 p.m. E.S.T.	10 p.m. E.S.T.

SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA every night but Sunday
NORMAN BROKENSHIRE, Announcer
COLUMBIA NETWORK

Chesterfield *They Satisfy*

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Local Tammany Hang-out Discovered by Reporters

(Continued from page 1)

Strongewell, municiple dog catcher who also lived in this section.

As usual, the hypocritical amendment, passed while our boys were in France, (meaning of course the Bible requirement) enabled the gangsters to get a foothold. Whoaback and Waller obtained positions with a chemical concern, and stole the alcohol from the laboratories, selling it to innocent students under the guise of concentrated essence of Bible, claimed to enable the person taking it to comprehend the entire Bible and to pass the examination required by the state. The gullible students bought great quantities of this beverage, only to find that the law was not being enforced anyway, wholesale exceptions being made to privileged groups. The income from the sale of liquor enabled the gang to corrupt officials, however, and resulted in the wave of carnality which has engulfed the city.

Suspicion began to be aroused in December. Art Hide, janitor in Repburn Apartments discovered many bottles in waste baskets in the building. A humble employee of the chemical company by the name of Hotter, is also believed to have made revelations to P. Cocoanut Water, head of the industry, which led to the actions of Whoaback and Waller being carefully watched. Other employees of the concern who were questioned by District attorney Abraham Freeman gave their names simply as Alex and Big Bill.

Hints of irregularity in town affairs also came at first from humble sources. A half-breed squash grower by the name of "education Charlie" complained about the conduct of the municipal hospital for the financially disabled but the incident was suppressed by the gangster controlled press, and only came to light during the fearless inquiry made by the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM.

Whoaback made an attempted get away a little over a week ago, but was thwarted by a blizzard, which prevented his leaving, in spite of desperate efforts by Bowker and himself. The arrests were made by a regiment of state troops called out by the governor when SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM representatives convinced him that chief of police Lockwood and night chief Shaw were in league with the criminals. The authorities were hampered in their investigation because of the fact that witnesses refused to testify because of fear of gang violence. An individual by the name of Black, also a resident of the district, however, is alleged to have turned state's evidence and supplied the district attorney's office with sufficient evidence to send the criminal's up the river for a long stretch.

When a regiment of infantry, a battery of artillery and three tanks finally fought their way through a fusilade of bullets into a fortified, but outwardly innocently appearing house on Weybridge street, the last stronghold of the notorious Whoaback gang was smashed. Chief among the prisoners were Benneh the Whistler, notorious Philadelphia muscleman and ex-lightweight champion, an individual giving his name as Captain Tiller, late of the German army and now a gentleman adventurer, another individual calling himself Cummings, who police are trying to link with the recent Spanish revclution, and several other figures well known in criminal circles. W. Morse Leep, editor and owner of the Bulletin, was discovered under one of the tables, but has not been held, as he had mistaken the place for Joe's, but had liked it and stayed anyway.

While this was occuring in the metropolis, a squadron of airplanes was searching the mountain fastnesses for the hangout of Two Gun Hazzyltino, another member of the gang, who was captured after both legs were blown off by a bomb. He is expected to live until the state has had time to execute him for the murder of Ricardo Phelan, movie actor, whose mysterious disappearance puzzled police but was finally solved by a SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM reporter.

Izzy Dore is Hired for the Senior Ball

(Continued from page 1)

the year. In most cases remarkable Mr. Dore has gone "back to nature" in procuring his equipment and the result has been not only more and louder music brought two the four but has also won a growing interest in natural resources.

A bulletin has just been received describing the composition of the organization. The stringed equipment will be furnished by several professors from De Bunk university; two of these will be very highly strung while the others will give a low moral tone. The viol bass of the section will be the identical one on which Babe Ruth slipped in the Isle 'o Bama series. There will be three types of horns — cow, goat, and antelope which will be tuned in g sharp, c, and a round. The brass equipment will be found in the buttons of the musicions. Bull rushes which give a low, full, gushing melody and the shriller cat tails will make up the reed section while a new instrument, tar keyed to pitch, will give warmth to every rendition. A better drum is used in Izzy's orchestra — a perfectness of rhythm is obtained by the steady drop, drop, of water from a cask on the mantel upon an inverted wash boiler below while an animal confined under this will provide the shifting of tones and accents on the wrong beats so necessary to syncopation.

Regular popular music of the day, made much better by the unerring rhythm of the novel drum arrangement, will be featured during the evening. However several classical selections being in such great demand, will be sacrificed during intermission. These numbers are specially prepared — fast colors which do not run — by the conductor who plays on the linoleum.

Tickets may be secured from now on at Chester Draw's, New street.

Further announcements of Senior Week activities will be made after Commencement to insure accuracy.

HAMMOND ACCEPTS SITUATION WITH "STEW STORY"

Professor Prancing R. S. V. P. Hammond, of the Middlebury faculty, has announced his acceptance of a position with the Stew Story Magazine, as director of their Friday evening radio programs. Professor Hammond will begin a new group of musical and dramatic entertainments, presenting "The Married Life of Helen and Paris", which will be known as the Ring series.

Every Friday evening, after a brief sales talk, an hour's program will be given, of a highly informational nature to young couples who are grappling with the problems of pink tooth brush and well-balanced dog biscuit.

Each week a different phase of the life of this young pair will be taken up in dialogue style, carrying them through many vicissitudes. Professor Hammond will begin with "Helen and Paris at Barred-X Ranch", and "Helen and Paris With the Gunboat Boys in Siam", and he is confident that more inspirations will come when these topics are exhausted.

One of the special charms of the entertainment will be the use of a large sized victrola records and extra-loud needles. These will enable the listeners to hear highly interpretive music of the remarkable sounds which are produced in any well-regulated household when the soup is cold, or the sink springs a leak. In presenting these choice recordings, Professor Hammond will make short prefatory remarks, wind the victrola, change the needle, and cover his ears.

Although the college is sorry to lose Professor Hammond, it is certain that he has much to offer the world if only given a chance. He has practised on the Vagner grand opera group weekly throughout the winter, and is much elated because he succeeded in diverting the attention of the audience, which was draped over the floor, from the fact that there were no cushions to sit on.

SWETT BURNED TODAY

KINGSLEY HELD IN SHOVEL CASE BY SHAW

NOTED PEDAGOGUE ARRESTED ON MANURE PILE NEAR MORGAN STABLES

Swift Local Justice Brings Conviction for Law Violation

Special to the SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM

Julius Stanton Kingsley, A. M., M. S. C., PED. M., noted professor of contemporary civilization (a subject dealing with a little of everything and a lot of nothing) was arrested Friday at midnight by Chief of Police Shaw. Professor Kingsley was lodged in the county jail of the metropolis of Middlebury waiting for federal authorities to take him to Fort Leavenworth.

Kingsley, alias "Julia" and also alias "Bull" was held without bail under the charge of violating Law 716, Section 5A of the Department of Agriculture and Education. This law states, "No owner or proprietor or person in charge or instructor or professor shall be allowed to do menial wrok or to use such tools as a shovel or lawn-mower but any person under such a person may do so to the fullest of his or her advantage."

The facts of the case are: Chief of Police Shaw was called to Ripton to investigate a disturbance of the peace case. He found that bats in the belfrey of the church were disturbed by a huge owl. While investigating this, he discovered Kingsley shoveling and spreading thickly a load of manure on a field, freshly tilled. Shaw held him until charge was made by a federal authority.

The case was tried in the stables of the Morgan Horse Farm where a loud crowd attended. Judge Noonan resided being capably assisted by Professor Davison who referred back to law 75 passed in the first Continental Congress. Davison was also the prosecuting attorney while Prexy was for the defence. The witnesses, Rose Martin, Benjamin Wissler, and Jennie Bristol, each gave his or her evidence. The first two had seen the prisoner working while they were having a canoe ride while the latter testified similarly only that she had taken a midnight fishing trip when she saw the scene.

Kingsley was sentenced to five years hard labor on bread and water. The crowd cheered the decision.

NOTED PROF HAS ONE CORRECT ITEM IN BOOK

A startling discovery has recently been made by a special SUPMAC YRUBELDDIM investigating committee in regard to the famous text-book of which Prof. John G. "You cahn't fool it" Bowker is co-author. By careful and untiring perusal by a staff of qualified experts, it was found that there is one (count it) correct answer in the monumental treatise written by Prof. Bowker for the bewilderment of incoming freshmen.

When Prof. Bowker was interviewed by a group of press representatives, he could only murmur, "I cahn't account for it". It is expected that the case will be placed in the hands of a Federal Grand Jury within the week. Charlie Shaw, local constable, expressed himself yesterday as being ready and willing to do his duty in the event that the Grand Jury returns an indictment — and it seems certain at this writing that such will be the case.

Those interested will notice that the answer to example six on page 78 is actually correct.

This is not the first of the Professor's criminal offenses. Last year he was indicted for larceny of the hypotenuse to the flag pole, and is only staying on at the benevolence of the Dean, who is probably mixed up in this affair too.

It will be remembered that Bowker has already been indicted for stealing the hypotenuse of the flagpole.

DR. NASH 400 SWETT, METEOROLOGIST, IS ANNIHILATED AT STAKE BY STUDENTS

(Continued from page 1)

Chapel steps Saturday noon, urging the burning of the Swett homestead. This action was prevented by the timely arrival of Prof. Rusby who dashed up in time to convince the students that the best way of protest was joining the League for Industrial Democracy and the American Civil Liberties Union. The meeting disbanded at this point.

Meanwhile a petition had been circulated by Kirkland Sloper '32 and Georgiana Hulett '32, urging that Mr. Weston be authorized to cut off the steam going into the upper levels of Warner Science hall, in order that Dr. Swett might experience the effects of his own weather. 9586 signers were obtained for this petition. The action was prevented, since Mr. Weston was laid up with a cold contracted as a result of trying to play golf with Prexy during the unseasonable weather. As Saturday night arrived, the wrath increased when the rain and ice severely cramped the style of the Sig Ep formal. The members of that fraternity joined the agitators, and offered their large barn as wood for building a fire to burn the perpetrator of the coldness. A notice was read in Monday chapel ordering freshmen to begin the collection of wood, and through the rest of the day the pile grew omnously. Thrasher took personal charge of stacking the materials.

By this morning the wood pile towered half as high as Old Chapel itself, and included all the Sig Ep barn, Porter field grand stand (taken as part of the disemphasis of athletics program), and the women's gymnasium. Since eight o'clock this morning the crowd had been gathering, until by noon there were nearly a thousand. Classes were without exception given cuts, in order that they might witness the ceremony. When the last fagot was placed upon the pile at 11:27 a. m. a large cheer went up and Pud Fish led in the singing. Coach Brown arrived with his choicest javelin to use as a stake. It was driven deep into the pile. Professor Cady contributed four dog leashes for chains. At 11:40 Sloper and Thrasher went to get Swett, having informed him he was to speak on the exports of Uruaguay. He arrived five minutes later, and beamingly ascended the pile, notes in hand.

Quickly he was secured with the chains, being taken by surprise from behind. Ed Lockwood produced a cigarette lighter hidden in his boot, and lit the pile. Swiftly the flames mounted, and soon the victim could no longer be seen. For a few minutes after the consumption of the body by the flames, great hilarity prevailed, and free hot dogs were passed out by the mountain club, to be roasted around the fire. Then Swett's power over the elements manifested itself, and there was gloom and darkness. The sunhad not yet appeared at the time of our going to press.

POPULAR NUMBERS PLAYED ON CHIMES

A special musical program was played on the new chimes in Mead memorial chapel, Friday, April 1. It was an all request program, including both popular and unpopular melodies. The selections were arranged as follows:

"Who's Your Little Whosis?"; "Old Black Joe"; "Too Late"; "You Find Somebody Else"; "You're the One I Care For," "You're My Everything," "Mary"; "I Don't Know Why"; "If You Don't Love Me," "I'm Left with the Blues in My Heart"; "Somebody Loves You"; "Who?"; "Lucille"; "What a Life."

"Where Were You Last Night?"; "Dancing on the Ceiling"; "Was That the Human Thing to Do?"

"Ain't Gonna Rain No More"; "Why?"; "Too Many Tears."

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All Work Guaranteed

15 Years Experience

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CONDITIONS IN DANCE HALL LABELED SHOCKING

Physical Suffering Endured by Co-eds and Pianist Unspeakable

(Continued from page 1)

bulged from muscular shoulders, while a pair of very capable legs protruded from below black bloomers — we prefer to think they were bloomers.

"Please, mister - ah, miss! If possible, we'd like to see some one in authority here. Ah - we're from the Weekly Burp."

"Why, certainly. Right this way, please." And we were shown to a door much like the one we had just come through. In fact, it was the same one.

"Aw, please! It's for the common weal, you know."

She turned and eyed us suspiciously. "I thought you said it was for the Weekly Burp. Walk this way," she added politely.

It was difficult, but we managed to copy her gait across a narrow, gloomy hallway, where she threw open a second door. Pandemonium burst forth, and as we accustomed our eyes to the blinking light a strange sight met us. Row upon row of hitherto self-contained co-eds were leaping and sprawling about the room in a maniac attempt to follow the rhythm, so to speak, of a piano player in a far corner. It was a soul-searing sight, and we mutely turned for explanation to our guide.

There she stood with an expression of unholy exaltation on her face. Raptly she turned.

"There," she screamed above the din. "The beauty of the human body interpreted! Don't you feel it?" We blushed and pretended to be taking notes.

As the rhythm speeded up, we saw what it was that had dissolved the sanity of the former victims of strange Hamlin. Exhaustion claimed them as their antics grew more and more abandoned. We thought of Moslem dervishes and wished Ripley were with us. Then, as girls began to drop on right and left, we quickly pulled a portable camera and tripod from a vest-pocket and began filming the grim spectacle. Uncensored views accompany this story.

Finally, in a mad cadenza the piano stopped and the girl who had been playing slid off onto the floor, a nervous wreck. In company with several of her weaker sisters, she dragged herself across the floor to the dressing rooms.

We turned again to our hostess and thanked her for the unique privilege we had been granted. Probably no other man had ever stood where we stood, had seen what we had seen. And it was just as well . . . At the door we paused.

"One thing more, if you be so kind. Just what is the name of this horrible practise? It has a name?"

As we picked ourselves up from the sidewalk with a stinging sensation aft, we heard the Amazon at the door bellow:

"To speak like that of flitting! The noble art of flit! Off with ye, and never darken our door mat again!"

STOCKS SPILLED BY STEWED JAKE IN SUDDEN FALL

Suddenly springing sets of specially simplified statistics, Sir Stewie surprised suspicionless students into saddened but stimulating silence. Submitting salient suggestions scintilatingly yet seemingly successively submitted secondly, he safely sauntered on in security of stately statements, seeing only some of the students snoring silently. Sheaves of specially scribbled suggestions safely secured, students sallied forth.

Securely satisfied, Prof. Prentice shambled slowly seeking Seminary Street. Stooping he secured the stocks stopping he sat on the stoop, and soon he supped on sirloin steak. Some surly stunned scholars surely sadly scanned statistics, surveying suddenly some seventeen serious surveys seeking satisfaction for Sir Jake, who sedately snoring siren-like, slept.

EXTRAVAGANZA ENTERTAINMENT COURSE IS PLANNED AFTER ALL NIGHT SESSION

(Continued from page 1)

due to a revision of the Middlebury-Calcutta air lines schedule, his trip to this country solely for this purpose must be made in February. At that time he will address a selected group in the men's room at the Inn, discussing the new spring creations for men of taste. While his contract does not include this, he intimated that he would throw in a few scorchers about salt bootlegging in India.

Throwing precedent to the winds (piles of precedent under the commossion room windows are still to be cleaned up) the authorities have signed up Walter Winchell, a gossip monger you may have heard of in recent years, for a lecture in the gymnasium January 13. He will speak on "The Eye, the Ear, and the Typewriter". He warned with the old Winchell twinkle in his eye, that the co-eds should remove even their gloves behind drawn shades, for at least a week before and after his visit.

For perhaps the first time in their career, the four Marx brothers will appear before a mixed audience with a musical program. Chico does piano tricks, Harpo perform admirably on the harp, Croucho obliges with his panetela, and Zeppo will hold down second bass or first tenor. And all this extravaganza comes March 13, at the opera house.

To round out the course, the management is especially proud to announce that Floyd Gibbons, radio and press drawler, will have a few words for willing ears on the night of April 13. Mr. Gibbons will treat "The Influence of the Vulgar Sanskrit on Early Runic Stamp Collectors," in a fifteen minute address in your living room, courtesy the Columbia Broadcasting System.

While the arrangements this year are the most expensive ever undertaken, the commission wishes to announce that a new low price applies to all students of ten dollars for the season ticket, or five dollars for as many performances you can attend without being apprehended by the gentleman in the tux at the door. A special half-price rate admits children, when accompanied by their parents.

OPERA HOUSE

WEEK OF APRIL 6th

WEDNESDAY, April 6th—
John and Lionel Barrymore in
"ARSENE LUPIN"
Comedy
MATINEE AT 3 O'CLOCK

THURSDAY, April 7th—
Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen in
"WAYWARD"
Leila Hyams in
"FREAKS"

FRIDAY, April 8th—
Robert Montgomery in
"BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK"
Comedy

SATURDAY, April 9th—
Warner Oland and H. B. Warner in
"CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE"
News and Comedy

MONDAY, April 11th—
Greta Nissen and L. Atwell in
"THE SILENT WITNESS"
News and Comedy

TUESDAY, April 12th—
Chas. Farrell and Marion Nixon in
"AFTER TOMORROW"
Comedy

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